

## The Patapsco and other poems

THE PATAPSCO AND OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES SORAN.

I am nae poet in a sense, But just a rhymer, like, by chance, An' hae to learning nae  
pretence, Yet, what the matter? Whene'er my muse does on me glance, I jingle at her.—  
Burns.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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TO THE REV. J. N. M'.JILTON, AND N. C. BROOKS, ESQ.

AS TESTIMONIAL OF FRIENDSHIP, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

### **PREFACE.**

The first edition of this book having been exhausted soon after its publication, I thought of republishing it to supply repeated demands for the work; but deferred its republication, for a time, with the view of making some corrections and additions that would render it more acceptable to the public. Owing, however, to the kind interference of two literary gentlemen, my personal friends, who were anxious to serve me on account of my recent

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loss by fire, this purpose has been brought about earlier than I expected; and I fear without such improvements as might have been made under less distracting circumstances. With a just appreciation, however, of the favour shown to the first edition, I submit the present issue to the public, desiring whatever kindness may be manifested to *me* by my friends, that the *work* will be judged by its merits alone.

CHARLES SORAN.

### **PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.**

The verses herein presented to the public, are the effusions of one who “has to learning nae pretence,” and whose opportunities for the cultivation of poetic grace have been extremely limited. Many of the articles in the volume, were composed whilst in the actual performance of mechanical labor, and written out in moments of relaxation; and all of them are the fruits of time stolen from more important employments.

Believing, however, that such statements, if they have any force, argue as much against publishing, as in extenuation of faults, he merely mentions the facts for what they are worth, and, relying upon the merit of his productions, presents them to the public, hoping that his readers will, if nothing more, accord to him the merit of the *attempt*, in the pieces which he values the most, to celebrate in song some of the glories of his native city, and the virtues and patriotism of its citizens.

THE AUTHOR.

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**THE PATAPSCO.**

My own—my native river, Thou flashest to the day— And gatherest up thy waters In  
glittering array; The spirits of thy bosom Are waiking from their rest, And O! their shouts  
are banishing Sad feelings from my breast.

Away—away thou boundest; Away in glorious pride, To yon fair city's bosom, Like a  
bridegroom to his bride; 2

10

While she holds out her arms, thy glad Embraces to receive, And echoeth to yon blue sky  
The songs thy waters weave.

O dulcet are those choral waves, The melodies they sing, Their music from the waterfall,  
And from the bubbling spring; The soft tones of the embowered brook Into my senses  
steal, And the big waves from ocean Roll up their organ peal.

They come, those lovely choristers, From many a crystal home; Bright pearls from Oman's  
waters Are glittering in their foam: And proudly heaves thy emerald breast Before the  
sparkling train, For gems they bring from every clime, Those travellers of the main.

11

How many, many images, Thy brilliant waters yield; Thy waves ride up like crested  
knights, Returned from battle field;— Ten thousand gallant knights with spoils, Brought  
from the conquered plain, To lay them at their ladies' feet, Then gallop back again.

The prancing of thy sun-lit waves Beneath the feathery spray,— How beautiful to witness  
them In revelry and play! But see! some secret signal now Invites them to the main, And,  
calm behind, before the wind They gallop out again.

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Away—away to their bright homes Exultingly they leap, Their joyous glances lingering On tower, tree, and steep: 12 A bright look to their Southern Queen— A parting melody— A shout to yonder banner, Guardian angel of the free.

A farewell to the barks they bore Back to their native home,— A glance at the declining sun, Which gilds their parting foam,— A song to yon “historic ground,” Where freedom's martyrs sleep;— And now those lovely wanderers Are out upon the deep.

For stories of the ocean, which To beauty's queen they gave, They bear away her lovely smiles, The blessings of her brave; Who love them that they ne'er have bowed Before the oppressor's rod: And own like them no ruler, No master but their God.

13

I stand upon my native hill, And see my native river Roll proudly 'neath the brightest sky That blessed my vision ever. I have felt the poet-hallowed scenes, Where distant waters roam, But ah! earth has no heaven like that Which circles thee, my home!

Here did I launch my fearless bark, A plank with 'kerchief sail, An infant navigator Yon distant shores to hail; And many a glad discovery My boyish vision blest, With joy akin to that which thrilled The great world-finder's breast.

And there rolls up thy channel, The same as when it bore My father from a tyrant land To freedom's happy shore; 2\* 14 When danced thy waves, and his freed heart Up with thy spirits sprung— But now thou singest his requiem, Who then his welcome sung.

Bold river,—noble river! How many tales thou hast!— Though of all the savage legends Which lie within thy breast, Alas! there is no trace that can Their annals e'er proclaim, Save *one* which is thy history And monument.—thy NAME.

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But yet thou are not storyless, For on thy open page, The tale of freedom's triumph Thou wilt bear from age to age; The terrors of that fiery night Upon thy bosom flamed, And the joyous shout of victory Thy morning voice proclaimed.

15

Forever thus, proud river! Thy glorious memories be; Thou minstrel, mirror, record Of the glories of the free; A joy to freedom's eye, a grave To freedom's foes thy waters, Thy spirit like our fearless sons— Thy calm our peerless daughters.

So soft, so clear, so beautiful, That even the clouds we see, So lovely in their native blue, More lovely are in thee; For with affection's holiest smile The heavens illumine thy tide, Thou glory of thy happy sons, Their blessing and their pride!

Farewell! thy bright companion Purples the glowing west, And evening with her fairy train Comes out upon thy breast. 16 Thy beauties rise as *he* declines, Gilding with heavenly ray More lovely thy expiring hour, Than was thy glorious day.

For O! as sinks behind the hills The sun which gild thy charms, The evening sky in glory fills Thy breast with brighter forms,— Then while the glorious things of heaven Within thy heart do dwell, My loved, my bright, my native stream, In rapture's tears—farewell.

Thus, when *my* day of life declines, And earth's surrounding charms Fade from my view, may heaven light up My passage to its arms; And love in memory's mirror see Something of heaven appear, And friendship, with more joy than grief, Burst with the parting tear.

### ADDRESS TO BALTIMORE.

Home of my childhood's happy May! While 'mid strange scenes that mock mine eyes, I lift my lingering thoughts away Back to my native skies; And pouring out my heart's full cup Of love, to whom that love is due, I call thy scenes of beauty up, Which warm to memory's view.



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The hill—the school—the Sabbath bell That turned my opening heart above— How much the heart delights to dwell On scenes of early love! Scenes which so bind the raptured breast In memory's strong, but flowery fold, They may be seen, be felt, be blest,— They never can be told.

18

In thought by many a path I tread, Where youth has roved with raptured eye, But thou whose daily wanderings lead Beside, pass idly by; Thou knowest not all the charms that bloom Around thee, until other skies Teach thee that beauties dwell at home, Absence alone can prize.

Yon stream that flows in music by, Whose tones the rocks and hills prolong, Is worshipped by as bright a sky, Tree, flower, and wild-bird's song, As these the traveller's eye beholds, And breathes a charm not found away, Which kindles in your bosom-folds Joys of a holier ray.

O! childhood's haunts still brightly glow! Neglected Falls your voices raise, And still like some lone beauty go Unnoticed, without praise. 19 Flow on! your charms may yet command Some worthier lyre's enkindled flame, Whose strain thy minstrelsy will hand Aloft to classic fame.

Go tread yon green and glorious hill, And cast thine eye adown the bay! O! who could gaze nor feel a thrill Through the glad pulses play. Before thee spreads Patapsco's tide, The rival of the dazzling sky, And on its waves in swan-like pride, The barks move stately by.

An emerald ring surrounds the space, Where the clear waters lie within, Holding to heaven their mirror face For sun and cloud to worship in. And far below, where distance blends, Like love the sky and bay together, Gleams many a swelling sail that bends, Its bosom to the joyous weather.

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20

Where yesterday the swift canoe Glided upon the crystal tide, And rung the Indian's wild halloo, A thousand proud ships ride, Freightied with wealth from every land That blooms beneath the outspread skies,— The magic work of freedom's hand, And freemen's enterprise.

And see that banner of our sires Above McHenry's bulwarks wave, Where once it lit with holy fires To victory, freedom's brave. In adamant that standard's fixed, Till light to darkness shall be hurled— Its stars with those of heaven be mixed, The beacon of the world.

O Armistead! nursed by freedom's dame To lead her sons to glory's shrine, Why speak thy much loved banner's name Without a thought of thine? 21 Long as Patapsco's waves shall roll Around the walls thy valor manned, Or floats aloft yon eagle scroll, Thy hallowed name shall stand.

I turn me to the city's space, And dwell upon her sun-lit domes, Her architectural charms, and trace Her halls and happy homes; Her links of usefulness and gain, Her commerce, spreading with the sun, And arts!—a never-ending chain, Bind field, mart, wave, in one.

Science there *moles* her devious way, While light succeeds the enriching toil; There learning gives, with smiling ray, Thy sons a priceless spoil. O! land of honor—beauty—health, And hospitality's abode, Still be thy noble march to wealth, Through glory's cloudless road! 3

22

And may those cenotaphs which claim A memory of thy gratitude, Direct as lights to virtuous fame, Thy people, brave and good; And teach them as those piles were reared To mark the patriot's deathless name, Skyward, as they, our thoughts be steered, Partakers of their fame.

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Home of my childhood's happy May! While 'mid strange scenes that mock mine eyes, I lift  
my lingering thoughts away Back to my native skies; And pouring out my heart's full cup  
Of love, to whom that love is due, I call thy scenes of beauty up, Which warm to memory's  
view.

Philadelphia, *September* 12, 1833.

### TO THE WYALUSING.

One of the thousand sources of the Susquehannah.

Let virtuous Cowper sing his Ouse, And Burns his flowery winding Ayr, Bright mountain  
stream, my humble muse Shall be thy poet—thou its care; And tho' *my* strain may fleet  
away, Like leaves upon thy passing tide, And sink unnoticed in that sea, Where nobler  
songs alone may ride: Thy strains will flow rejoicingly— No Lethean power can smother  
thee.

'Tis winter, but his icy chain Is loosened from the rock; the tree, Though shorn, in smiles  
revives again, And spreads its arms imploringly,— 24 It seems that summer has looked  
down Upon the earth, to see if all It left, had 'scaped the reckless frown Of Winter and  
destroying Fall,— Thou, Wyalusing, boundest gay, Exulting in the joyous day.

The crusts that lately marred thy course Like sin upon the human soul, Now touched by  
heaven's effective force, Melt, and thou movest to thy goal,— Ay! with the joy the freed  
soul knows, Thou from thy glittering chains dost bound, And gladly as thy spirit flows,  
Shed'st life and hope on all around— And from thy breast a holy prayer Rises upon the  
balmy air.

Now o'er yon hills in “sylvan war,” The chopper's echoing axe I hear, The restless saw-mill,  
from afar, Unceasing plays upon my ear; 25 The blue-jay chirps upon the tree, And there  
the agile squirrel leaps, And skimming proud, the “grey goose” see, Tumbling and diving in

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thy deeps,— There's life! there's life! tho' summer's gone; Bright stream we are not quite alone.

And hark!—the hunter and his hounds— What stirs yon thicket?—'tis a fawn: She leaps in thy dividing bounds, Escapes, fear-driven leaves the lawn, And safety seeks in yon beach shade— The scent is lost—the huntsmen rave, And rave they shall, e'er bard shall aid Or guide them. Noble creek, to save From murderous sport and tyrant blow, Thou wouldst have all as free as thou.

While glory wreathes the mountain's ridge; Day's tireless traveller sinks behind— I stand upon a rustic bridge, And gaze below with pensive mind; 3\* 26 The sun-gilt clouds clear on thy bed Reflected from their heavenly dome, Those distant objects near me spread, Remind me of my distant home; And fancy, of affection born, Transforms the clouds to those I mourn.

I feel my heart is as thy stream, Far friends those clouds reflecting there, Which, while bound to thy bed they seem, Dwell over thee in the midway air,— The mirror of my bosom, bright Acknowledges the glowing gaze, Of friends bent o'er me as the light And dark clouds o'er thy glassy face; Whose looks more beauteous on me come, Reflected from that heaven— *home*.

Pure stream! thy source is 'mong the hills And mountains, clasping rock and tree, Where fleet deer roves, and wild bird fills Thy stalwart sides with nature's glee; 27 O! as thou boundest by my side, With eagle speed and majesty, I feel, proud stream, thou didst imbibe Thy spirit song of liberty From 'mong those heights where thou didst roam; Fair freedom's cradle and her home.

Flow on, forever flow thy tides! Thy smiles are cheering herb and tree; The dying grass upon thy sides Lifts its bowed head and blesses thee,— Bright be thy course! the ocean wide May clasp thy charms,—there spread, diffuse Thy spirit and thy mountain pride,

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Through distant lands where slavery sues In tyrant chains, and bid him drink Thy waters free, and rive each link.

Heart of the mountains, fare thee well! Fate drives me from thy lovely scene; And long ere spring's enchanting spell, Gives thee thy glorious garb of green, 28 On other hills, by other streams, My wandering feet with grief may press; But love will turn on thought's bright beams, And trace thy blooming loveliness; My heart, through life, twin streams shall share, And thine will make sweet music there.

### **THAT GLORIOUS DAY.**

O! why peal yon bells from the temple's bright dome, That wake the glad morn with their pæans on high; And why the wild roar of the cannon and drum, And shout of the multitude rending the sky? 'Tis Liberty's shout!—'tis freemen's glad greeting, Again to the day that gave birth to a world; That all-hallowed day, when the tyrant, retreating, Shrunk back from the light of our young flag unfurl'd The cannon, the shout, and the music's glad play, But echo the voice of that glorious day!

O! why do your orators' bosoms to-day, Glow brighter and purer with eloquent fire; And why do your people more fervently pray, And why do the breasts of your soldiers beat higher? 30 O! know you 'tis gratitude's throb that engages, For liberty's blessings, encircling us here— 'Tis a voice from the past, of our warriors and sages; Our prayers to that God who has ever been near. And our souls, as they blend in their heavenward way, But echo the voice of that glorious day!

And see you yon fairy thing folding the storm, Her brow lit with stars of the beautiful night; The rainbow has mirrored itself in her form, And pure as the sun is her bosom of light. Yon flag with the eagle-eye over her glancing, O! that is the terror of liberty's foe; And every free heart in her glory advancing, Proclaims her the patriot's heaven below; The scream of her eagle, and bosom's free play, But tell of the deeds of that glorious day.

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My soul's wrapped in awe! See yon patriarch sage— He bears in his hand a rich,  
charactered scroll; And hear you the accents that flow from its page? An angel is singing  
the sound in my soul! 31 It tells of a people who freedom adored, Who suffered and sued  
in the lowliest plea, But met by the frown of a tyrant abhorred, They rose in their might  
and resolved to be free. Ah! well may your soul from its bounds burst away, For that *is* the  
voice of that glorious day.

The voice of that day! does it thrill in your veins, Enrapture your soul with a hallowed  
delight? O God! in all lands where dark tyranny reigns May it peal and dispel the soul's  
heavenless night; Like a blessing from thee, may it breathe o'er the world As a precept  
of thine, may it move like thy will; Be sceptres and kings from their “high places” hurled,  
Unwearied its spirit and power, until Every heart on God's footstool acknowledge its sway,  
And echoes the voice of that glorious day!

### **OUR MADISON'S DEAD.**

Written on the occasion of the funeral honors given to the memory of Madison by the  
mechanics of Baltimore, August 25, 1836.

Proclaim it ye brave, From the east to the west; We have born to his slumber Our wisest  
and best. A light has departed, Our beacon for years, And left us—a nation In darkness  
and tears.

But that gloom o'er our besoms Will not linger long, And the tear will give place To the  
patriot song; 33 For Madison's name, Like our banner unfurled, Will now fling its glories  
Abroad to the world.

A name to the scroll Of the names that we love; A soul to the circle Of sages above; A star  
in that banner The breeze never bore, Which floats in the temple Where freemen adore.

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O! bright was his morning, His noon and his close; His life knew no *night*, But the night of our foes! In the day of our troubles, The hope of each breast; Our pilot in storms, And our haven of rest. 4

34

Our eagle mourns over The patriot's grave, And emblems the grief Of the free and the brave; And the couch of the sleeper Is holy with prayer, For the hearts of the people Are gathering there.

Sad, slow was the march Of the funeral train, And gloomy the banners, And mournful the strain; And silent and solemn That multitude moved— The homage of freemen To one whom they loved!

O! thus be, forever, Our feelings outpoured, To him who is worthy The patriot's reward; 35 In that nation which rises Such men to revere, O! who can disunion Or slavery fear?

### TEXAN BATTLE SONG.

Arm for the Texan battle, Sons of the brave and free! Away, and win a soldier's grave, Or a glorious victory; Cries of your murdered brothers, On the red Alamo slain, Are pealing in your hearts for aid, And shall they call in vain? Then arm for the Texan battle, &c.

In the ranks of freedom's fight, The soldier's post should be, Where men who burst oppression's chains Are battling to be free; 37 His bright plume waving high, In the midst of the conflict's strife; His frown should quell the tyrant's rage, And his sabre drink his life. Then arm for the Texan battle, &c.

Say, how should the soldier die— On the pillow's soft repose? O! no—with his bright shield 'neath his head In the battle's glorious close; The tyrant's flag at his feet,— The skies with “*victory*” riven— He smiles adieu to his comrades brave, And his spirit soars to heaven.

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Then arm for the Texan battle, Sons of the brave and free, Away! and win a soldier's grave  
Or a glorious victory!

### **MY FATHER.**

I Remember, well remember When my father died— My mother called me from my play  
And laid me at his side; His face was pale, as pale could be, And calm that wrinkled brow;  
Those eyes that late looked bright on me, Glared dimly on me now.

He took me in his feeble arms And pressed me to his cheek, And then he moved his  
trembling lips And thrice essayed to speak; He could not speak!—then came the sigh, And  
on my cheek, the tear, For death had drunk that blessing up Before it reached mine ear.

39

But oh! that smile—I see it yet!— The kindly look he gave, And that last kiss and fond  
embrace— They hide not in the grave, For they are now as bright to me, As ere his spirit  
fled— They've shaped my thoughts to saddest things, They die not with the dead!

And then my mother looked so pale, I thought she too would die, And leave me here  
—a lonely one, Bereft of every joy; For God is good to little ones,— For by his mighty  
will My mother lived—with precepts pure, My bosom to instill; O! may my heart those  
lessons keep, A mother's love has taught, And live within its inmost core And dwell in  
every thought.

40

They laid him in the cold deep grave, I heard the holy prayer, Which woke my heart's  
affection fresh, And mingled sadly there; But recollection knows naught else, For by some  
hidden power, My grief did wash from memory's rock, The doings of that hour.



His grave, is humble as he was, O'ergrown with grass and weeds, No sculptured marble blazons forth His virtues or his deeds— But memory in my heart has built A monument of love, Which time itself shall not destroy, Nor earthly power move.

### THE AFFLICTED.

The sad forms of the afflicted, They gather in my breast, The lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, The sick and the oppressed: A thousand broken voices, ring Their sorrows in my ears, And feeling's fount is opening, A gushing flood of tears.

Yon crippled brother's helplessness, Pleads with the voiceless there, The slave whom sounds of joy ne'er blest, Joins in the deaf one's prayer; 42 The sightless mortal pines for light, And faint the sick voice steals,— Ruins of poor mortality, How piteous your appeals!

The maniac's wild ravings tell Of terrible distress, While breaks Ophelia's plaintive voice In tones of wretchedness. Lone wrecks upon life's ocean they, Tossed by the fretful wave, No helm to guide, no star to lead, No haven but the grave.

Spring bursts from her green world, her streams Flow musically by, And voices from her hills and vales, Hymn to the happy sky. Birds sing their bosom notes and beasts Leap, by the bright sun warmed, But nature has no melody For those she has deformed.

43

Their haunt is by the wintry hill, Or by the herbless field; Or where the unkind garden fails Its bosom's wealth to yield. The limbless tree—the tuneless bird, (Breathing its broken tones) Companions are in loneliness For earth's afflicted ones.

Yon sun in glory rises, shines And sets on human woe, And 'neath the melancholy moon Affliction's wailings flow; Up from the hovel and the hall Rises the sorrowing prayer,— The afflicted, the afflicted! Oh—they are every where.

Poor sufferers of a selfish world, Where shall ye look for rest? Oh! seek ye not for fellowship, In man's unfeeling breast, 44 Where interest is the helm and hope, And brotherhood a name For ostentation's lips to breathe, Without the sacred flame!

Then, God! be theirs the glorious gift Of thy unbounded love; Though maimed and broken-hearted here. Receive them *whole* above! And let *our* hearts be pained henceforth Only by others' wo, Our sighs burst for our brother's griefs, Tears for the afflicted flow.

**LINES, ON A PICTURE OF THE COTTAGE DOOR.**

BY GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.

Thou of the art of arts supreme, Didst ever think—didst ever dream, The “Cottage Door” whilst painting, That I would touch with thought of mine, The offspring of a mind like thine? Perhaps its beauties tainting.

Forgive the brain-presumptuous wight— I claim the bard's acknowledged right, And rhyme to what I choose; The world's my music-book, and I May word its tunes, or pass them by, Just as inclines my muse. 5

46

Picture of joy, sweet Cottage Door! Of my first home, bright miniature! With sweetly-tempting ray, Back to the innocence of yore, Back to the spot I'll see no more, Thou winnest me away.

I've gazed upon thee till the tears, Thawed by the suns of other years Warm shining through the past, Have broken their care-bound streams and sprung To my eyelids up, reviving the young Pleasures by time o'ercast.

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That group of children on the green, The mother with the look serene, Unwrinkled yet her brow— Ay! thus I've ta'en my evening meal, My prayers to say, beside her kneel— I cannot pray so now.

47

And when our little offerings said, The kiss gone round, we'd haste to bed And sleep as angels do; Then rise with the sun and over play The same young joys of yesterday, Joys that were ever new.

But this was bliss too pure to last; Such joy the portions small we taste, God's wisdom here we spy; For if we'd so much heaven at home, We would not long for heaven to come, And then—how hard to die?

I bid my heart go back, retrace The joy-spots time can ne'er efface, Which star its inmost core; I ask its answer to my call, Which of the joys among them all, Does memory love the more?

48

My infant home, my early joys, And Cottage Door, my heart replies, Glow brighter, faster cling, Than all the other joys that gleam Around their hearth-illuminated beam, Or from their memories spring.

Then, thou my youth's fair counterpart, Pure transfer from the Raphael heart, That woke thy glowing truth, Whene'er I think of childhood's hours, Thou shall be linked with those sweet flowers That age entwine with youth.

### TO MY WIFE.

Dear, loved and loving Emme On thy fine, tho' care-marked face, Dwells that heart-look of affection, Which young love, joyed to trace; For time has blent no sorrow in Thy countenance's ray, Which love dare not endear above All charms it took away.

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O! what were heartless beauty, But a sky without a heaven; A fading, fairy veil, where hearts That trust, are chilled or riven; But such was not thy fickle charm; That winning grace of thine, Was but the light thy pure heart gave Its almost perfect shrine. 5\*

50

O! wife, come wander back with me, To courtship's budding bowers; Ere altar-pledge had linked our loves To wedlock's thorns and flowers,— Again thy hand's in mine, thine eyes Sweet confidence impart, Thy lips a cupid's bow, in smiles, Twang arrows through my heart.

My arm is circling round thee, My lips approach their bliss, While crimsoned cheeks, and moistened eyes Tell youth's first heart-born kiss. O! Love, tho' weak, and blind, and dumb, Thou raptarest every sense,— We cannot hear, nor speak, but feel This moment's eloquence.

But what is this upon my knee? Its fingers on me prest, Sweet voices thrill my soul, that none But wedded hearts are blest; 51 While “ *Father!* ” parts those little lips, Fond eyes exert their power— O! who would give those wedded joys, For courtship's rosiest hour!

My Emme! do heart waters fill The channels of thy cheek? Why droops thy head upon my breast? Art powerless to speak? Then weep, and mingled with mine own One bosom's stream shall flow, And teach us that such moments, dear, Are happiest below.

But little knows the lonely heart The bliss of wedded love, For even serpent-ills it robs Of power to sting or move; The sorrows that invade us here Unitedly we stem; But ah! when griefs the lonely dare, What breast shall comfort them?

52

Like a poem in two volumes, love, A “Paradise regained,” Our hearts are blended in one song, And shall be to the end. O! may no discord ever mar, Their melody below, And like the poet's sweetest strains May theirs forever flow.

**MARY.**

Poets have sung of music's power, And boast its reign o'er every creature; Soft soother of the lonely hour, The charm of life, of love, of nature: The savage eye it gently floats, The mild breast melts of babe or fairy, But music's power, though dear its notes, Ne'er charm me like the name of Mary.

Soft birds sing sweetly in the trees, The trees make music melancholy, And flowers a language have that please, A laughing language, sweet and holy; 54 The winds sigh softly 'mid the bowers, Where mock-birds' tones so sweetly vary; But song of birds, of winds or flowers, Ne'er charm me like the name of Mary.

I gaze upon the bright blue sky, The bright blue sky, a heavenly blossom, But though its splendor charms the eye, And wakes the gladness of the bosom, We know its beauties fickle are, Beneath the storm or clouds that vary,— But where's the storm or cloud that dare Invade my bosom's love of Mary!

The earth's sounds various are and sweet, The sky and air, breathe music o'er us, Old ocean's mighty minstrels greet The sky and air in mingled chorus; I bend me to the deep control Of nature's songs, which never weary, But ah! they never reach the soul, As does the lovely name of Mary.

55

The gentle name, the soft sweet name, A Saviour's parent owned no other!— *He* loved in youth and age to claim That gentle name, and call it—Mother! *Mother of Him!* —Oh where's the soul, All worldly music would not weary, When taught the sweet, the soft control, Which reigns in the sweet name of Mary.

**LINES TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.**

WRITTEN ON ST. AGNES' DAY.

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Spirit of the sainted maid, Hover 'round the path of her Who, in thy pure name arrayed,  
Is thy virtues' worshipper. Keep her in the holy way, She hath taken here below— As an  
angel guarded thee, Guard her thou, from every wo.

Lover of that spouse divine, By thee alone on earth adored, May those beauties in her  
shine, Which below were thy reward. 57 In the Saviour's blessed wounds, Let her find a  
dwelling pure, Build a temple in his heart, Temple holy and secure.

From her childhood, she hath loved Jesus with a holy love; May her constancy approved,  
Win a bright reward above. She is poor, but rich in faith, Weak, but strong in love to thee,  
Humble, but in virtue proud, Triumphant in charity.

Leading here a life of love, In the path the saints have trod, She hath given up her all To  
the service of her God. Many, by her counsel led, Kneel before the Saviour's throne, Many  
bless her in this world, For the good that she has done. 6

58

Then, sweet Agnes, hear my prayer! As the angel guarded thee, Dwell thy spirit ever near,  
And her guardian angel be; Lead her through life's troubled sea, Triumphant o'er every sin,  
That her bright reward may be Thy blessed company to win.

### TO STANCH.

Maiden! thou of gentle form, In thine eye, a mischief dwells, Slyly blending with the warm  
Soul, which from thy bosom swells; Darting from the dimpled cells, About thy lips of many  
wiles; Enchanting like the magic spells Love weaves in her sweetest smiles. And though  
thy heart the virtues prize, And love and gentleness are given, And angel thoughts gaze  
on thine eyes, As saints look up to heaven; Yet still! oh still that witching look, Word and  
action tell the strain, Lady, thou art mischief's book, Men and girls may read it plain. 60 But  
in thine eye, though mischief's lore Shineth, still, its loveliness Only makes us love thee

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more,— Maiden of the gentle form, Mischief-eyed, and bosom warm, Who could love thee less?

### **SHE CANNOT DISOBEY.**

She ne'er can be my wife I know, Though love in mutual flame Unite us, and our feelings flow  
Our bosoms through the same; For ah! a mother's powerful right, Directs another way,  
And *he's* the mother's favorite— She cannot disobey!

She cannot disobey, oh no! That mother's cold desire, She cannot stay affection's flow,  
Though happiness expire. Mistaken, though that mother's love Her gentler feelings sway,  
For joy below like that above, She could not disobey! 6\*

62

I cannot ask that she were less Obedient to that one, I cannot ask that she would bless  
Me, selfish thought, alone. A daughter to her mother's rule Assent must give away, And  
she, my love, is dutiful— She cannot disobey!

Then what is left for this lone breast— Self shall not rule its throne; Then shall my crippled  
spirit rest, She shall be his alone! His! and oh! when in holy hour Her pure thoughts  
backward stray, May she not blame that mother's power She could not disobey.

### **BEAUTEOUS WOMAN.**

I love to see the deep blue sky, At summer eve with white clouds rolled, When through the  
trees the soft winds sigh, And trees and clouds are tinged with gold; When day gives night  
his parting kiss, And birds their sheltered coverts seek, But dearer far, for me to gaze, On  
beauteous woman's cheek!

I love to see the moon-lit sky, When the sun's golden wings are furled, And watch the  
twinkling stars upon That spangled banner of the world. 64 O yes! I dearly love that

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sight, My country's emblems there I trace, But dearer still to me the light, That shines in  
beauteous woman's face.

The sea may boast its treasures rare, The earth its gems in many a mine, But nought with  
woman can compare, When graced with beauty's charms divine; And if the heart's with  
virtue fraught, And pure affection there we trace, O! who would wish to gaze on aught,  
More beautiful than woman's face?

### **TO A LADY.**

There's music sweeter far than that Produced by harp or light guitar, Or warblings of  
that aerial tribe, Whose songs like angels' soft notes are; 'Tis the sweet music of the  
soul, That's tuned to love's enrapturing strains, Where virtue wakes its dulcet tones, And  
innocence supremely reigns.

There are brighter gems than those that shine Upon a princely diadem, Or treasures in  
Peruvian mine, Or glitterings on the sparry stem; 66 'Tis the rich jewel of the heart, That's  
set within affection's ring, With amiability conjoined, And pity, tear-eyed, sorrowing.

The gems—the music's thine, fair girl, Which nature, kind to thee, hath brought; I need not  
bid thee cherish them, They live within thy every thought. O may the gems forever shine,  
Within thy pure and spotless breast; Thy heart still wake its songs divine, And cheer thee  
till thy final rest.

### **MEDORA.**

Suggested whilst in the chamber of the statue of Medora, the beautiful creation of Byron  
and Greenough, in the possession of Robert Gilmore, Esq. of Baltimore.



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Oh! gently, my harp, let thy melody flow, Where the form of the fairest of earth is laid low; As the sigh that escaped when her soul fled away, Be the spirit that moans in thy murmuring lay.

She had watched for his coming, but fate had denied, And hope in her bosom, fell— fluttered and died; And smilingly—softly, her pure spirit fled,“ For with nothing to love, she had nothing to dread.”

The beatings have ceased in that bosom so meek, But the sorrowing smile lingers still on her cheek; And life seems to stir those sweet lips with its breath, While the living look on with the quiet of death.

68

Medora! Medora! awake from thy sleep, The bark of thy lover bounds over the deep; He has breasted the surges, he leaps on the shore, He will fly to those arms—that can clasp him, no more.

The heart that ne'er shrunk from the enemy's spear, Now beats 'gainst his breast with a throbbing, like fear, For he marks not the signal that gladdened his sight, Ere death over thine had “exerted its might.”

In a moment he'll bound to thy hallowed retreat, But the tortures of years in that moment, will meet; He will knock at the portal and tremblingly start, For fear shall reply to the voice of his heart.

He will rush to the couch, but that shock can he bear? The bride of the Corsair lies withering there! Torn away from his arms the lone thing he could love, And hopeless his future, below and above.

69

Oh! his poor shattered heart a gloom will hang o'er, Like the curse which the exiled of heaven endure! In his bosom will writhe the dark serpent of care, And memory will link every thought with despair!

But, gently, my harp, let thy melody flow, Where the form of the fairest of earth is laid low; As the sigh that escaped when her soul fled away, Be the spirit that moans in thy murmuring lay.

**ERIN.**

I love the land of Erin! It is ocean's emerald throne— Oft in my dreams appearing More lovely than my own; Its green and lofty mountains, Its blushing valleys through, Its streams, pellucid fountains, And sky of clearest blue: For O! that Isle of Beauty, It gave my father birth; And I love it as a duty, As the fairest of the earth.

I love the sons of Erin! The noble and the brave; Their bosoms only fearing To fill a coward's grave; 71 Their hearts to each vibration Of honor's chords attuned; Quick to repel invasion, And slow a friend to wound: Their intellectual glory A joy to me imparts; O! I love them and their story, In my very heart of hearts.

I love the maids of Erin! The rose is not more fair— The dove not more endearing Than the maids of Erin are; I love them that their bosoms With virtue are imbued— The lily as its blossoms, Is their heart's similitude: My voice in transport falters 'Neath a heavenly control, For the thought of Erin's daughters Wakes to love my raptured soul.

72

Long may the land of Erin Blend its emerald with her skies, Her hills and valleys cheering All bosoms and all eyes; Her sons their lofty station, Still keep before the world; And the oppressors of their nation, Down from their thrones be hurled; Her daughters so endearing, Then rise her sons to bless, And make the land of Erin, A land of happiness.

**TO EMMELINE. TEXT FROM MOORE.**

Has sorrow thy young heart clouded?— Dost weep o'er the past, and dost find That the hopes thou hast nourished, are shrouded In grief's darkened grove of the mind? Oh! if by that plague thou art haunted, And sympathy, warm and sincere, Thou findest in thy woes there is wanted, I'll weep with thee—tear for tear.

Does pleasure her loveliest flowers Strew over thy pathway of green? And lookest thou through memory's bowers With hopes realized, on the scene? O! if from joy's cup thou art drinking Its nectarine draughts, and the while My company ask, I am thinking I'd smile with thee—smile for smile. 7\*

**BYRON.**

We sat down and wept for thy sorrow, Oh Byron, and thought of the grief High hearts of a thoughtless world borrow, Touch-pained like the sensitive leaf— That thy span of to-day and to-morrow Was darkened, though brilliant and brief.

We would think that thy life, like a river, Had mirrored the sun of thy mind, And, not like that stream, give forever, Its spirit to each idle wind,—That a passion thy calm could not sever, But mind be the king, not the hind.

But we know, e'en the sun is oft shaded, The mighty oak, breeze-stirred, is curled; The high mountain-top, granite-bedded, Is lost when the clouds are unfurled; And thus thy great mind was invaded By the clouds and the winds of the world.

**STANZAS.**

Away! I cannot love thee now, My heart could never twine Round one, whose every homage bow Is made at beauty's shrine.

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I cannot love the thoughtless heart That's locked to feeling's sigh, Unless it breaks through beauty's lips, Or speaks in beauty's eye.

The silken cords that bound my love Are broken—I am free! And now I wonder that my heart E'er dreamed of loving thee.

76

Give thy young love to him with brow And form in beauty drest; Thou'lt find the heart less faithful there Than that within my breast.

But go thy way—I care not where! I ask not love like thine; The heart alone to beauty turned, Can wake no thought of mine.

### A THOUGHT.

Could my fond heart be cut in four, And thrown upon the different winds, And by a fairy, magic power, Be borne apart to earth's confines,— Then give them wings and bid them fly, Where love and feeling prompts them roam, True as the needle to the pole, They'd safely all unite at *Home*.

### EMILY.

Oh! melancholy, death's pale daughter, Fell blighter of life's flowery grove, I pray thee, pour not thy dark water Upon the joys of her I love; I know and feel thy power, sadness, And from thy realms I cannot flee,—But tho' I'm doomed, touch not the gladness Of the young heart of Emily.

'Tis said the heart that feels thy breaker, Is schooled for endless joys above; O! she's as pure as tears could make her, School not the heart of her I love; She is a flower sweetly blooming, A rose of love on life's dark tree; Tho' roses bloom but for consuming, Spare my young flower, Emily.

And speed away to thy gloomy dwelling Down where thy sorrowing spirits rove,— Hie to thy caverns, come not swelling With grief, the heart of her I love. Preserving powers, hover around her, Shield her from pangs that torture me; Kind guardians keep her as ye found her, The pure, the gentle Emily.

**LITTLE MARY.**

Little Mary, let me borrow Smiles from thee to cure my sorrow: When I'm pained, perplexed or weary, Then I turn to little Mary. See her laughing o'er the place, Beauty gladdening o'er her face; Peeping here, and there away, Like a meteor at play. Who could hear that gleeful roar,— Mark thee, bounding o'er the floor— Drink thine innocence and see Thee happy, yet not happy be? Antidote to bosom weary Is my bright-eyed little Mary.

The poetess, whose knell yet rings O'er our bosom's broken strings, In her “dream of all things free,” Little Mary, dreamed of thee,— Flashing in her vision's ray, “Amidst the fawns and flowers at play.” Bright her sky of fame doth shine, Peopled by such forms as thine; Lovelier they than poet's wand Charmeth from his fairy-land; For the sky of happy youth Is a living heaven of truth—Bright with many an angel-fairy, Like thyself, my little Mary.

Statesman! who in party's storm, Seeks for freedom's simple form— Here's the infant Liberty, Kneel to her and like her be. Man! who happiness doth crave, Toils for a deluded slave— Turn thee from thy hopeless track, To truth and innocence go back; 81 For as farther thou dost stray From thine innocence away, Wanderest thou from happiness, And from the quiet joys that bless The simple heart, that never toils For that which, *sought for*, always foils.

**ADDRESS FOR THE WILLIS BENEFIT.**

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Written at the request of the Committee, and spoken by Mrs. Willis, at the American Theatre, Front-st. on the occasion of her benefit, November 11, 1835.

Friends! I have heard,—so a sage poet says, In times gone by, not in these generous days,— Of one who asked his master's leave to spend A social hour of comfort with a friend. “Friend!” quoth the master, starting in affright, “Yes, John, and I myself will see that sight,— Get me my hat—saddle my fleetest gray; Hasten, good John, or *it* may fly away; Let but that rarest thing on earth appear, And bless my eyes, and it shall be my heir!”

Look, ye who like that soulless cynic, deems Friendship a fancy of our waking dreams; Behold! deluded doubters, and *here* trace That angel smiling in each generous face; 83 The rich man willed his wealth *one* friend to see; How am I blest, when *thousands* circle me? A *woman* suffers, sues, and toiling, grieves, *You* bless her with your friendship, and she lives.

Humble, unworthy, why am I thus blest, Loved by the virtuous, and by them caressed? Is it because mine's the poor player's part, To gild the face when gloom is on the heart; Chase from *your* breasts the serpents which there coil, And wear himself away, that ye may smile? Feel ye the mother's tender task is mine To rear my young in virtue's light to shine; My girls in the bright paths which ye pursue, And my bright boys to be brave men like you? Or does the friendship that ye bore my sire, Kindle your bosoms with this generous fire, And Warren's memories in your free hearts piled, Waken your sympathies for Warren's child?

Yes! in my heart, I feel the truth, sincere; These *are* the memories that bring ye here; 84 But still, not these alone; I feel and see That 'tis your generous natures to be free; Yon monumental pile the truth attests, The emblem of your brave and generous breasts; Breasts! free as the impulses of each hand, Free as the eagle of our happy land! Free as the glorious banner that she holds, Which sheds its heaven on all beneath its folds.

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Ne'er can I meet the claims this night endears, For gratitude has nought but words and tears; These to the lip and eye spontaneous start, But stifled there, they sink into the heart. Prayers only can my grateful heart relieve, That gifts be yours whose glory is to give, That your free, generous breasts may never feel The actor's wo, but share the actor's weal; That your loved country to the world may rise, The loveliest light that glads fair Freedom's eyes; And her brave banner with its stars enshrined, Captain the march of Liberty and Mind.

### **SHE CONQUERS BUT TO LOVE.**

'Tis said that beauteous Woman is But vanity and art, That War and Wine doth share with her Their empire o'er the heart;— Alike their power and their pride, Their universal reign, Their glory over man in thrall, And triumph in his pain.

But I have never found her thus, And yet I've dwelt beneath The influence of her angel heart, Since my first hour of breath; If vanity and art were there, 'Twas when to please she strove; Ah! ye who slander woman thus, Have never felt her love. 8\*

86

Red war and wine are powers that The fiends below employ, And loose o'er earth with murderous strength To conquer and destroy; But woman, gentle woman! hath Her power from above; And though she prides in conquering, She conquers but to love.

### **INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.**

Go forth, go forth, my little book; Call on the young, the old, And bid them on thy virgin page Their thoughts, their tastes unfold.

Go bid the words that friendship prompts, Glitter upon thy face, But whisper gently, "write not here What thou wouldst e'er erase."

Call on the virtuous and pure, A tribute ask sincere; But say to the honied flatterer, Show not your baseness here.

88

And oh! with an ardour pure and warm, Invite the pious thought, For, like the heart, to religion locked Thy worth would be but nought.

And here let fancy's impress glow, The heart to cheer or move, And moral fiction twine a wreath That virtue may approve.

O then return with the offerings, By love and friendship wrought; They'll weave on thy page and in my heart A bright FORGET-ME-NOT.

### THE ALBUM'S PETITION.

Dear lady or gentleman, ere you proceed My page to inscribe, or my contents to read, I pray you give ear, a petition I bear, O handle me lightly, with tenderest care; O send me not hack to my mistress dear, With a blot on my face, nor a curl on my ear; With my leaves disordered, or soiled by the mope, Whose hand is a stranger to water and soap;—Forgive the expression, 'tis scarcely too rude— For only just think, if with dirt I'm imbued, I'll no more be beloved by the pure and the good; And sure if there's aught in this world we should love, 'Tis the smile of the virtuous—the cherished above. Then send me not back with a speck on my cheek, My mistress would scold and be vexed for a week; O yes! you might see in her sorrowful look, She'd be angry so long at her innocent book;

90

And perhaps if I came with too dirty a face She'd discard me and throw me to shame and disgrace, No more to be praised by the beau with bright eye, And never to list to the maiden's soft sigh. Then think you how sad and distressing my lot, To be thrown in a corner, neglected, forgot,— Forgot by those hearts whose bright thoughts I embrace, Forgot by my mistress—O worse than disgrace,— And the thoughts that I cherished



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with pride and with joy, The worm and the moth would untimely destroy. Then lady and gentleman, list to my prayer, O handle me lightly, with tenderest care; O save me from exile, from shame and decay, And I your petitioner ever will pray.

Your Devoted Album.

### **SONNET. TO FRANCES.**

The bird has left the bower, The stem which bore the short-lived flower Droops mournfully; the ice-king's power Pervades our earth's domain, And earth's ones crouch below the despot's reign. The day-god's smile gives no reviving glow; While the wild winds from northern chambers blowing, Marshal their chilly piles of mimic snow; And the cold orb of night is colder growing— The stars shine palely in their world of blue, Like beauty's eyes when death has dimmed their hue, The waters are no more a star-flowered grove— Winter invades the glittering shores above, And nought terrestrial is warm—but LOVE.

### **SONNET. TO LOUISA.**

I turn me from yon glittering ether, where My fancy fashioned every star a heart Of pure one wafted from this nether air, To be a shining pattern, and a chart To mortal stars,—I turn me, nothing loth, To swap the star-light for thy lovelier eyes, And see what move my gazers more than both— That fairy mourner o'er thy cap's demise, Thy beau-net, neat in pennant, shape and stuff, Thy top-most charm, but yet, with all due dread, I think thine upper point is sharp enough, Without that devil's-needle on thy head: And now, young lady, I've immortalized your bonnet, And this line makes *fourteen*, and *that's* a SONNET.

### **ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT. A BALLAD.**

The light foot tripped to the soft-toned lute, 'Mid the feast and cheerful song, When Albert stole out with his lady-love, To rove the woods among.

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They wandered down to the river's brink, The sky in part was blue, With many a variegated cloud, The moon just peeping through.

The blithesome lambs came down to drink; Their day of frolic done, Each living thing on flower and tree, Had ceased its varied tune. 9

94

The blue in the sky had deeper sunk, And the colored cloud was not there, And the moon-light leaped on the silvery waves, As they danced in the young night air.

When the maiden looked across the lake, Where she dimly saw, as it grew, A simple flower, sleeping in light, Which the moon seemed proud to woo.

All womankind, be they proud or meek, In their young or later hour, Are ever pleased with their emblemed self, The soft, the beauteous flower.

Fair Alice gazed on the unchristened leaf, Then turned to the loved one by,— One look sufficed, for quick he read Her heart's wish in her eye.

A kiss fell on the maiden's cheek, A short adieu was pressed, When the bright wave sparkled, proud to bear That rich form on its breast.

95

He parted the wave with a manly arm, While the moonlight o'er him gleamed, And he moved along as a line of light; Like a thing of the deep he seemed.

The shore before him soon drew near, He sprung on the green bank-side, And plucked the flower from the moon's embrace, Then plunged again in the tide.

Oh! then as tho' a mortal, weak, The moon-light trembled there, Came and went in fitful change, Then melted into air.

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And the jealous thing called in her light, The dark cloud gathered o'er; The thunder  
awakened in the skies, And the shells were washed from the shore.

The water-spirit shrieked on the wave, Awoke from its pearl-bed deep; And a voice came  
up as from the grave, As the maiden joined in the shriek.

96

That voice was Albert's, and his form The lightning flash displayed, Struggling amid the  
fearful storm, Yet he craved not mortal aid.

For he felt within the lady's heart, Alone her love he shared, And he knew that if his peril  
was great, The greater would be his reward.

Impelled by that absorbing thought, He strove, but vain the strife, For the waves came  
clashing mightily, And with destruction rife.

Then the maiden prayed a soul-fraught prayer, Pure as the Jove-stirred wave, To *Him* who  
rules the calm and storm, For He alone could save.

But prayer, and strength, and courage failed, And hope, which clings to the last, Fast  
ebbed away from his noble heart, And he felt that the die was cast.

97

But again he sees the maiden's form, And hears her piercing cry,— Like the electric spark  
from the surcharged cloud, New strength through his weak nerves fly.

And now he struggles near the shore, But there new dangers face, For at each advance,  
the receding waves Bear him back to his former place.

He grasped at the bank, but strength was gone, For the waves came, fury wrought, Then  
wildly he dashed the flower ashore, As he cried “ *Forget me not!* ”

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The maiden rushed as a maniac wild, And gazed, but sight grew dim; Oh! the waves rolled fearful as before, But bore no trace of *him*.

They bore her home with heavy hearts And her grief—ah! who could say? She told her tale—death kissed her cheek, And she slowly drooped away. 9\*

98

Thus sadly named, that simple flower, Sweet token of the departed, It still can awaken many a sigh In the lone and the broken-hearted.

### **LINES,**

Written in an Album whose leaves were of various colors.

Those many-tinted leaves are like The rainbow's varied glow; The seal of friendship from above With suffering man below; O may the heart's warm offerings Traced here, like *His*, prove true, And be a covenant of love Between thy friends and you.

### **I HAVE ROVED—I HAVE ROVED.**

I have roved—I have roved, as the butterfly roves, From flower to flower more fair; I have loved—I have loved, or I thought it was love, But I never was sure That I felt the thing pure, Till now I am wounded beyond hope of cure, By charms that might drive to despair, To despair, By charms that might drive to despair.

When I gaze—when I gaze on that loved form of thine, My vision in rapture replies; But amaze—sweet amaze fills my soul when I look On thy lips in repose, On thy bosom of snows, 100 Whence love its enrapturing energy throws, In the conquering glance of thine eyes, Of thine eyes, In the conquering glance of thine eyes.

If the face—if the face, and the beautiful form Of a heavenly angel appear, I might trace —I *might* trace in that seraphic one Much more than is seen In thine eye or thy mien; But

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believe me I'd rather than angel, I ween, Have thee *for a wife*, my sweet dear, My sweet dear, Have thee for a wife, my sweet dear.

### **WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.**

Ah! dearest, dry those tears away, Which stain thy fading cheek; Free thy sweet lips from sorrow's sway, And words of comfort speak: Banish the past, and with me vow Our sorrows to forget; And be hope's star our pilot now— We may be happy yet.

The care, believe me, that enshrouds Thy cheek's once cheerful ray, Gives me more pain than all the clouds That darken o'er our way: 102 Then let thy dear lips smile again, Smile as when first we met,— Sunshine must always follow rain— We may be happy yet.

These clouds that o'er our bosoms lower To-morrow may depart; Why should we then, 'neath sorrow's power, Wear out the buoyant heart. Sun of my earthly heaven, then, Shine as when first we met— Ah! dearest, dry thy tears again, We *will* be happy yet.

### **THE BARD OF AYR.**

SUNG AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNS' CLUB.

TUNE—"of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Of a' the bards that ever sang O' Robbie I loe best! His notes ne'er tak the feelin wrang An' thrill in every breast; For Nature's strain doth ever reign, In a' its sweetness there; Let who will choose anither muse, Gie me the Bard of Ayr.

O, he's the sweetest bard that e'er Frae Nature learnt her arts, The very mention o' his name Maks music in our hearts; 104 If a' the sangs but his were lost, A groat I wadna care; For every beauty's in the sang O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

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Or if he sing the sang of love, Or patriotic tale, Or humor wake his rustic lyre It ever is  
the real; Ay, every thought his bosom wrought, Came frae auld Nature fair; 'Twas nae by  
Greek the muse did speak O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

The breeze that blows amang the shaws, Or on the hill sae high, The birdy's note,  
where'er it float, Frae flower, tree or sky; The river's rush, or tiny gush Frae out the spring  
sae clear, Hae a' inspired the sang admired, O, the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

105

Oh, man, whoever thou mayst be! Dear Robbie thou will find, The niest best frien to cheer  
thy heart, An' elevate thy mind; His varied strain will start thy tear, Or banish every care,  
For nane can touch the heart like he, The bonnie Bard of Ayr.

Then may the bard wha suffered sae In this bleak world of ours, Enjoy above, in bowers of  
love, Eternity's sweet hours! An may we a' escape the wae, That made his heart sae sair,  
And a' a tear shed on the bier, O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr. 10

### RELIGION.

See yon moon in the heavens, how stately her pace, And see the dark clouds that  
encompass her round, Whilst some in her pathway their dark bodies place, Like an army  
of spirits to crush or confound.

But still with a progress majestic and bright, She fearlessly keeps on her luminous path,  
And though for a moment they shadow her light And seemingly bind her, she smiles  
through their wrath.

Oh! thus beams the heart that with virtue is crowned, By religion supported, heaven-lit  
and arrayed, 'Twill move on serenely, though troubles surround, And smile, like the moon,  
through the clouds that invade.

**THE WHIPPOORWILL.**

The Whippoorwill is whooping round The old oak tree beside the gate, Pouring a melancholy sound Over his fallen mate; And night after night he mournful sings The same lone song of grief; Breathing his heart out through the strings, But bringing no relief.

And weaker and weaker breaks the strain, But sweet as he seems to say— “Ah! poor wife! —ah! poor wife! My heart is wearing away: 108 It is wearing away, my bird, for thee,— I whoop with a feeble breath— I droop alone 'neath our own sweet tree, Singing myself to death.

Oh! I did not know what 'twas to be Left in the world alone; I pray, I sing to follow thee, With a weak and funeral tone: Ere the great bright sun is up in the east, And the kiss of night remains On the sleeping flowers in sadness drest, And o'er the gloomy plains.

I lay on the old gray fence, and dream Of the past—of bliss with thee; But I cannot sleep, and I long for night, To whoop 'neath our singing tree: And here, to night, I've hasted away, To chant one more sad tune— The dew springs up from the earth, as it did, And o'er me rides the moon.

109

The whispering winds wake the sleeping flowers And ruffle the glassy stream; And the stars look down from their airy bowers, With their old familiar gleam; Ah! each gay thing is here as it was, By its sameness mocking my grief— But thou art not, nor thy cheering voice, Nor thy answering song of relief.

And yet, methinks I hear thee call From above, my seraph bird, Bidding me soar to a new found home. Where nought but joy is heard: But 'tis only the mocking echo speaks To my melancholy lay— Ah! poor wife!—ah! poor wife! Where wanderest thou away?”

\* \* \* \* \* 10\*

110

One eve I listened for the song And I sought where the mourner lay, But song was not heard, nor found the bird, And I gloomily turned away; And now I sit as I used to sit, At the cottage window-sill, But I am not soothed as I used to be, With the song of the Whippoorwill.

**LOVE STANZAS.**

I have brooded o'er thy mandate— Thy wish has filled my heart; I've checked my feelings, bid the past My bosom to depart; But the draught of deep forgetfulness In vain I've striven to drink— Ah! who could love as I have loved, And ever cease to think!

'Tis worse than folly, years have passed And years will pass again, Ere those bright hours of halcyon bliss Are darkened in my brain,— 112 The cherub hope, you reared within My bosom's budding spring, Will, like a bird in loneliness, O'er my heart's ruin sing.

I cannot chase the phantoms off That haunt my anguished breast, Their lights still glimmer round me, Tho' realities are at rest; Joy passed before my vision, like The glittering meteor's blaze, A moment in my sight, and then It quit my raptured gaze.

The lone and solemn musings That now my vigils keep, The sleepless nights and leaden hours Of day that o'er me creep, Are so unlike those days of peace And nights of love gone by, 'Tis locking in a dungeon dark, The heart that loves the sky.

113

And dearest, hast thou felt like me How hard it is to part— Our vows, are they not written on Thy kind and gentle heart; Or am I driven from your thoughts?— If thus my fate's decreed, You *then* deceived, or now you must Be cruelty indeed.



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And falsehood is cold woman's name, She's heartless as she's fair, Her bosom cold, her charms but bright To lure us to despair; And thou, the worst of womankind, If *all* thou canst forget! But ah! thou art not thus, I feel Thou own'st thou lovest me yet.

Then why should distance, coldness, time, Still keep us in despair? Why pining separate, breathe alone Our feelings to the air? 114 Then smile and ope thy bosom, bid, Me come to its calm rest, And, like the wearied bird, I'll fly To my long-lost, loved nest.

But do I dream?—hast thou cast off My love, and am I wrong? Or does another hold my place Thy memories among? Then tell me not, but let me live, Self-cheated though I be, And death, come when it will, I'll die, My dearest, blessing thee!

### WHAT I LOVE THEE FOR.

I love thee for thy modest cheek, Thy soft love-telling eye, Those long gold lashes, curtaining A deep cerulean sky, Where angels smile serenely, And cupids skip about, At every witching glance I fear The rogues will sure leap out.

I love thee for thy “cherrie mou,” Love's dimples nestling there, That brow o'erlined with veins of blue, And brown o'ershadowing hair, 116 Those ivories so straight and white, That waist so neat and clean, And those sweet *petite* feet below, The like I've never seen.

That form “sae fair and faultless,” So fresh from beauty's mould, Thy bright array of charms might warm A heart that's seared and cold; In mine they've reared a quenchless fire, That naught can e'er destroy, They've lighted many a gloomy hour, And darkened many a joy.

But tho' thy *beauty* woke the blaze Which now consumes my heart, Thy charm of *mind* will feed the flame When beauty does depart; For beauty soon may fade away, But never learning's page, And heart with love and wisdom warmed, Gets warmer still with age.

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But tho' thy sense and beauty, keeps Love's throbbings in my breast, There is another charm thou hast, More bright than all the rest; In golden dreams it circles round My slumbers—haunts my brain, And when I wake in silvered scenes, I dream it o'er again.

'Tis pleasant e'en to think on it— 'Tis magic to possess, The homely maid is lovely with it, Beyond all loveliness; And dearest, wert thou stripped of it— A change I'd weep to see— Thy other charms would charmless be— I mean, dear girl, to me.

The eastern bard, while soaring high On inspiration's wing, Ne'er decked his princess with a charm Like that which now I sing; 11 118 'Twould buy the king of Afric's dress, His beads and precious collars, And 'tis what I most love thee for— *Thy fifty thousand dollars.*

### EPIGRAM.

Quoth Tom to Bet, "I've thumped my brain An hour and above; And for my life I cannot find A simile for love."

"La! what a dolt! sir, love is like The measles, or being hung; Folks never have it twice, you know, And always *catch it young.*"

### TO MY MOTHER.

"Pray my Son, that God may bless us all."— *Mother's Letter.*

### AN EARLY LAY.

Yes, Mother, I will kneel and pray That God may bless us all;— And God is good, all good men say, *He* will not slight my call. God will not slight the simple prayer My humble heart shall breathe, For *He* has said in *His* good book, "Ask and thou shalt receive."

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I'll pray,—all happiness be thine, All joy and bliss betide Thy noon of life, and thy decline In ease and comfort glide. 120 Thy loved ones, all a Mother's fond Solicitude could sue, Thy hopes fulfilled, thine age prolonged, Thy wants supplied and few.

May health her blissful mantle fling Around thy waning years, Thy blue bright eye be never dimmed By grief's corroding tears. And may the winter-blossomed rose Sit on thy brow so meek, Fit emblems of the youth that glows On age's unwrinkled cheek.

A Mother's love will own no scope To it's unfathomed sea; Misfortune's barque, the wreck of hope, A haven finds in thee. Thy Son reciprocates that flame, (A Mother's soul-felt joy) And all thy heart for me could name Be thine, without alloy.

121

Yes, Mother, I will kneel and pray That God may bless us all;— And God is good, all good men say, *He* will not slight my call. My heart shall frame that fervent prayer, My tongue, my heart express; Affection's tear shall mingle there, And love my suit shall press.

### **BRING FLOWERS.**

Written after reading Mrs. Heman's beautiful verses.

Bring flowers! O bring ye drooping flowers! Let their lids be wet from the cypress bowers, For the beautiful form they spirited, Has withered away 'neath the blighter's tread,— Be they wreathed o'er her tomb “where we kneel in prayer; They are nature's offering, their place is THERE.” 11\*

### **NEW YEAR'S SONG.**

Tune —“Auld Lang Syne.”

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O! HERE we've met, a blythe-souled set, The Old Year weathered through, To wail a strain o'er blessings gone, And welcome in the New. To welcome in the New Year, boys, To welcome in the New; Our hearts give voice to sing aloud A welcome to the New.

And where's the man whose grateful heart, The Old Year's blessings cheer, Would not bound high in hopes they'd be Repeated in New Year. Then welcome, &c.

123

O! if Time's ta'en away some friends, Whose smiles a radiance cast Around us, still we've joys in store, Tho' tears bedew the past. Then welcome, &c.

The smiles and tears, the sweet, the sad, To memory's volume true, Wake feelings which can never mar Our welcome to the New. Then welcome, &c.

The sky, the sea, the earth and flowers, When started Time's career, Together sang their glorious song, To greet the first born Year. Then welcome, &c.

And shall Time's children slight the plan Their fathers' wisdom penned? O! no—the bright example set, Shall last till Time shall end. Then welcome, &c.

124

Then “gie us a hand, my trusty frien,” And here's a hand as dear, And may we happy meet again, To welcome the New Year: Then welcome in the New Year, boys, Then welcome in the New— Let hand, and heart, and voice unite To welcome in the New.

### **ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.**

O ask me not why the warm tear starts From an eye now bleared by weeping, But gaze on the newly sodded bed, Where the friend of my youth lies sleeping.

O ask me not why my cheek is pale, And dimmed the eye of gladness; Why the joyous burst of mirth has fled, And left the gloom of sadness.

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For a friend has sunk to an early tomb, Like a tree cut down while blooming; And a heart of honour and manly form, In the deep cold grave's consuming.

Oh! a pang has struck to my inmost heart, And nought but grief is left me; For death with a cold unerring hand, Of my only friend hath bereft me.

### **ON THE DEATH OF MY AUNT.**

And, is she dead? my mother's love, Companion of her youth; Ah! we have long, long felt her so, But now she's gone in truth.

The arms that nursed me when a child, Now moulder in the grave; But love goes back to other years To meet the smile she gave.

And now it comes before me bright, As when it dried my tears; Undying relic of the past, To cheer my coming years.

127

Oh! when the friend lies cold in death, How many thoughts will rise, Their faults forgot;— their deeds, their looks Shine bright through memory's eyes.

Their home is in the mourner's breast, Gem-thoughts that there will cling, Which seem love's legacies to cheer The lone heart's sorrowing.

### **TO MY SISTER.**

Dear Sis, I am glad thou art blooming again— May health ever sit on thy brow; May thy bosom escape all terrestrial pain, And thy heart be as happy as now.

O! dear was thy love-beaming features to me, When we rambled together at home, Ere the spirit of enterprise bore me from thee, Away from my kindred to roam.

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And still does thy spirit give light to my heart, Its ray is a beacon-light, given To guide me below and a blessing impart, And lead me at last into heaven.

129

Each soul has an angel to guard it below, And lead it to blessings divine; To hover around it, and shield it from wo— O, thou art that angel of mine!

O! then to those dear ones my bosom adores, I feel thou an angel wilt be; And the prayer that my heart to my Maker outpours, Shall be freighted with blessings to thee.

### **ELEGIAC ODE.**

I've been to my father's grave, Knelt and with tears did lave, Spring's offerings as they wave; Mournfully there. Bitter though the joy may be, Woke by the thought of thee, Welcome such pangs to me; Sweet's the despair.

There up from memory's night, Thine image broke to light, Fresh on my visioned sight, Loved looks appear: 131 Looks that approval spoke, Frowns by my follies woke, All, all before me broke; Sun-like and clear.

Thy form on the death-bed lain, The smile that tried to break through pain— The agony, the dying strain— Heart, heart be still! Nay, come grief, my soul I'll steep, In memory's tears from memory's sleep, Oh! let me feel the past and weep, Though weeping kill.

God guide thou my life-path on, In peace here by virtue won, As the sire be the son, Till death shall come. Then joy the holiest Shall glow within my sinking breast, And wing my soul with thee to rest, In thy bright home.

### **THE SLEIGHER'S SERENADE.**

Tune —“The Bonny Boat.”

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Hold on my merry driver boy, Rein in thy bright steeds four, Strike up your pipes ye minstrels gay, We're at my Mary's door. We'll wake my dove with strains of love, With music strong and sweet, As might be sung in choirs above, When stranger angels meet.

Wake! wake my love, the moon above, And stars are shining bright, The little snow-birds chirp, my love, Deceived by Cynthia's light. 133 Then rise my lady snow-bird, rise, Thy friends impatient wait, The sleigh-bells jingle, old Time flies, And love knocks at try gate.

The icicle is glistening, love, Beneath thy window sill, The frost has nipped the flower, love, And sealed the pebbled rill, But thou'lt not feel the cold, my love, As o'er the snow we glide, For in my cloak I'll fold my love, And press thee to my side.

The moon shines on the frozen lake, Clear, beautiful and bright; And see! the cloud-capped mountain tops Are silvered o'er with white; Then lady wake, put on thy cloak, And sit thee by my side, And o'er the pure white sparkling snow, Right merrily we'll glide. 12\*

134

Without my Mary all our sport Would gloomy be and poor, But hark! I hear her light foot step, And now she's at the door. Behold! she comes, my snow-drop comes, Her seat is the "off side," Now whistling Jehu crack your whip, And o'er the snow we'll glide.

### **TO AN OLD FRIEND.**

Who spent a few hours with me on her way through Baltimore to the West.

How charmed at the meteors t gazed when a boy, As they pass'd thro' the heavens in brilliance and truth; And now in my years I behold them with joy, Those fleeting familiars of age and of youth.

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It is thus with thee, Anna! in youth did I gaze, With my boyish heart blest, on thy figure of light; And now, like the meteors, thou givest thy rays, To cheer me a moment, then fade from my sight.

### STANZAS TO MISS L.

“The good must merit God's peculiar care.”— Pope.

Thou art placed within a fairy boat, And launched on life's tempestuous tide; Two nymphs are kneeling at thy feet, Who beg thy little bark to guide: One seems an angel bright and fair, Her dark eye laughing, silken shaded, And in her jetty hair Bright gems are braided.

She points to Pleasure's bowers, And with a winning look she craves, To guide thy bark along the pearly waves, To her bright land of flowers: 136 Turn from her tempting look and warm! 'Tis Vice!—Remember! All are not angels that bear an angel's form.

And see the other nymph so fair, Her blue eye smiling, with love shaded, And in her golden hair The myrtle and violet are braided: She points above, And with the sweetest look she craves, To guide thy bark along the stormy waves To bowers of love: Give her the helm, and keep her precepts given; 'Tis Virtue!—O, remember! Her ways are pleasant, and lead up to heaven.

### WE'VE WANDERED OFT TOGETHER.

We've wandered oft together, In sunshine and in shade, O'er flowery plain and heather In boyhood's clime we've strayed; Through years of joy and sorrow We've kept the silent vow, That sealed our young affections— Shall a light word part us now?

We've bound our hearts together With friendship's golden cord; Shall that fond tie be severed, Be broken by a *word*? 138 Shall all our bright rememberings Be crushed by Anger's plough? We've long been friends together, Shall a light word part us now?



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We've glided oft together Down Poesy's smooth stream, We've hugged the phantom pleasure, And found it but a dream; We've shared each other's happiness We've *felt* each other's wo, We've long been friends together, Shall a light word part us?—No!

### **BOLIVAR.**

Written at the time of his death.

The Moro-walls are singing Their death-song o'er the brave, And kindred hearts are wringing In sorrow o'er his grave; The tear of grief is stealing Through patriot hearts and free— The dirge of wo is pealing Over land and over sea.

O'er valley and o'er mountain Re-echoed to the skies, A soul-felt tribute to the brave A requiem of sighs; And well may that lament go up Of anguish and of wo, For who shall lead to freedom now, Or battle with its foe?

140

What mighty hand with heart to back, And country in that heart, Will follow in the fearful track, And take the glorious part That Liberty demands of him Who leads her sons to war; A patriot like him we weep, The noble Bolivar.

Methinks I hear the sound arise From city, town, and plain, That *none* will touch the half-drained cup That he alone would dram; That none will seize the fire-brand That's flickering in the vase, And rid a nation of a band Of tyrants—cowards base.

Then mourn for a land o'er shrouded, Herself that wove the pall— Her destinies o'erclouded, And tottering to the fall: 141 Mourn for a nation wedded To anarchy and wo— Mourn for a land beheaded, Herself that struck the blow.

## Library of Congress

Mourn for the much-wronged Bolivar, Your tears flow fast and free; Ye may have wept  
o'er heroes fallen, But none more brave than he. The hero at whose stirring breath A  
slumbering nation woke, And sought amid the sweep of death Their fetters to unyoke.

But to him who led your warriors, Your hundred battles won, The deed that foiled the  
foeman's skill A baser power has done; Your conqueror lies conquered, Your victor is  
subdued— Oh, not beneath the foeman's sword, But by *ingratitude*. 13

### SERENADE.

Oh come to thy window, dear lonely one, come! The moon has departed the blue sky  
above, Not a star twinkles there, and the city's low hum Is silence propitious to song and  
to love; I will tell thee my heart in my song, and my lute Shall waken a spirit to soothe thy  
heart's pain, While hope, like bright morning dispelling dark night, Will soften thy bosom to  
pleasure again.

I know thy stern father is prouder of thee Than the light to his eyes from the day skit  
above, He knows thou art peerless as woman can be, That the pride of our land would  
be blest with thy love; 143 And thence he has shut thee from him who adores, Who feels  
every beat of thy lonely heart's pain,— Too happy, if true, the night-song that he pours,  
Will waken thy bosom to pleasure again.

Once more let me hear that sweet voice, tho' in grief— I have loved thee in smiles and  
still love thee in tears; From thy lips let me drink to my bosom's relief, 'Twill cheer thy lone  
minstrel and quiet his fears— The bosom is faint that would vainly cheer thine, For sorrow  
upon thee has darkened its light: Ah! tell me thy griefs, let them mingle with mine, Then,  
love, from thy window one look and good night.

### FAREWELL.

## Library of Congress

Farewell! —we part, and thou hast left us lonely— No smiles like thine to cheer our  
fireside; The circle bright is broken, and we only Behold thy form in memory's visions glide.

Farewell!—we part, as parts the sun with flowers Which it had cherished 'neath its kindling  
ray, To live a long, lone night of lengthened hours, Then wake again to bright and perfect  
day.

Farewell!—we part, and every breast is burning With wishes kind and prayers of good to  
thee— That joys, like singing birds, which cheer thy morning, May aye attend thee with  
their melody.

Farewell!—we part, and tears betray the swelling Of thy pure bosom with the parting pain;  
We part—but O! with hope our lone hearts telling, tears we part—to meet in smiles again.

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